STORIES THAT TAKE

KLEISER

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Compiled by
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For the Exclusive Use of Grenville Kleiser's Mail Course Students

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PREFACE

It is said that Chauncey M. Depew, who for years was one of the most successful after-dinner speakers, has had a regular set of scrap-books, marked "Politics," "Lawyers," "Education," "Religion," "Women," "Patriotism," and other subjects. In these books his secretary classified various stories and other material gathered from time to time, so that, when Mr. Depew wished to prepare an after-dinner address, he simply called for one of these books, selected such stories as he thought most appropriate, and shortly afterward his speech was ready for delivery.

The funny stories of all time are classified as belonging to twenty-three original varieties: (1) Childhood; (2) schools; (3) summer resorts; (4) courtship; (5) the newly-wed; (6) the mother-in-law; (7) fishing; (8) the doctor; (9) the lawyer; (10) the preacher; (11)

the actor; (12) the politician; (13) the farmer; (14) dialects; (15) the tramp; (16) the book agent; (17) the old maid; (18) the restaurant; (19) the weather; (20) the umbrella; (21) the salesman; (22) the automobile; (23) divorce.

Successful story-telling, like everything else, can be acquired only through practise. The student should begin with simple efforts. A New York physician recently prescribed for a nervous business man that he should tell two funny stories at dinner every evening. This suggestion might profitably be followed by any one desirous of learning the art of successful story-telling.

The model after-dinner speaker, when he tells a story, does so without self-consciousness. He has his story at the tip of his tongue, and allows it to "slide off" at the psychological moment. There is no hesitation, no lapse of memory, no feeble apology, nor in his voice and manner is there the slightest hint of premeditation. He does not

say, "I suppose you have all heard this story before," "I am really very sorry to inflict this upon you," "You'll excuse me for repeating this," "I'm not good at telling stories, but I'll do the best I can." He relishes the story along with his hearers, no matter how many times he has told it before, and at its close joins freely in the hearty laugh which follows.

Then when one stands before an audience let him bear in mind the words of Cowper:

"A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct,
The language plain, the incidents well linked;
Tell not as new what everybody knows;
And, new or old, still hasten to a close."

GRENVILLE KLEISER.

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When I observed a previous speaker taking a glass of water, I was reminded of an incident that happened in the New York Legislature. A member had been speaking on a certain bill for more than an hour, much to the discomfort of his hearers, when he called for a glass of water and started off afresh. Another member on the other side was on his feet in a jiffy and said: "Mr. Speaker, I rise to a point of order." "State your point of order," responded the Speaker. "Mr. Speaker," said the objecting member, "I make the point of order against the member from Schoharie County that it is out of order to run a windmill with water."

In standing to speak to you to-night, I am reminded of the story of the cattle rustler. Old Bill had been mavericking the stockmen's

cattle as long as they would stand for it, and a vigilance committee called him out one dark night and put a rope around his neck and asked him if he had anything to say before they pulled him up. He paused a moment and then said quietly:

"Well, gents, I s'pose I've got more interest in this performance than any other gent present, but I am the least enthusiastic over the program."

I am thinking of a story that Lord Aberdeen tells about himself. He arrived at a certain country railway station, where he was expecting a telegram. "I went up to the nearest porter," said he, "and asked him if he would mind inquiring at the station master's office whether there was a telegram for me."

" 'There's none for you, sir,' replied the porter. 'I've just come out of the office and there's only one telegram there, and that's for Lord Aberdeen.'

"Just then another porter who knew me

approached, and I explained the position to him, remarking jocularly that the first porter evidently did not think I looked the part.

"By way of consoling me, he promptly replied: 'Never mind, my lord; if you don't look it, you feel it!' "

The toastmaster in calling upon me has doubtless acted from the same motives that actuated a newly-fledged dentist who, when his first patient applied, determined to exercise all that genius and understanding which Boston men generally exercise in the practise of their profession. The patient, coming from the country, told him he wanted two back teeth, which he pointed out to him, pulled. The dentist placed him in a chair, and in a few moments he had pulled out his two front teeth. The patient left the chair, and it occurred to him that the circumstance might be deemed of sufficient importance to call the dentist's attention to it. He said, "I told you to pull out these two back teeth."

"Yes," said the dentist, "so you did; but I found that the front ones were kind of handier to get at."

The argument we have just been listening to recalls the story of the man out West who was giving a lecture in a saloon. His subject was the controversy about Shakespeare and who wrote his plays. Incidentally, he recited "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," which he said was from Shakespeare's "Othello."

"Nothing of the kind!" interrupted a man in the crowd. "I'm from Boston, and Shakespeare didn't write that piece."

"Friend," said the lecturer, "I can convince you that he done so."

"Convince all you like, then," replied the other man.

There was a sudden scramble, and in a moment the interrupter was pinned to the floor by the lecturer.

"Who writ the piece?" he shouted, as he held his man down.

"Shakespeare," came the feeble response.

"Are you quite sure?"

"Yes, yes; I'm very sure; I seen him do it!"

In court the other day, a lawyer turned to the opposing counsel and said angrily: "You are the biggest idiot I ever saw in all my life!" whereupon the judge gravely remarked: "Silence, sir. Please do not forget that *I* am present."

A young man speaking for the first time in public, began in this style:

"Ladies and g-g-gentlemen: When I-I-I came here to-night, only t-t-two people knew my speech, my f-f-father and m-m-myself. N-n-now only f-f-father knows it!"

"Doctor," asked a patient, "I am feeling much better now, and I want you to let me have your bill." "Nonsense, sir," said the physician; "do be calm; you are not strong enough for that yet!"

I do not think men are as thoughtful toward their wives as they should be. The other evening I was sitting in a street-car, during a heavy rainstorm, and heard one man say to another: "How do you like this weather?" "Horrible!" said the other. "How's your wife?" "Oh, just about the same!" And the very next night that man went home to his wife and said: "Well, dear, I've got the sack at last." "Oh, you angel!" exclaimed his wife rapturously; "the sealskin, or the other one?" "The other one," said the brute.

A man entered a New York restaurant the other day and ordered his breakfast. As the waiter placed it on the table, he remarked quietly:

"It looks like rain."

"Yes," said the guest, "but I ordered coffee!"

A pessimist is a man who, of two evils, chooses both.

A speaker had just reached his greatest climax, saying: "In the immortal words of Daniel Webster, who wrote the dictionary, 'Give me liberty, or give me death!' "

The chairman pulled his coat-tails and whispered: "Daniel Webster did not write the dictionary—that was Noah."

"Noah? Nothing of the kind—Noah built the ark!"

The story is told of an old woman who was taken to the poor-house. After she sat down, she looked thoughtfully around her, and said quietly: "Well, there is still much to be thankful for. I have two teeth left, and one is exactly opposite the other!"

When the pairty who listens disna ken what the pairty wha speaks meens, and when the pairty wha speaks disna ken what he meens himsel, that is metaphysics.

Elocution is the way some people are executed in certain States.

"Opporchunity," says Mr. Dooley, "knocks at iv'ry man's dure wanst. On some men's dures it hammers till it breaks down th' dure, an' thin it goes in and wakes him up if he's asleep, an' aftherwards it wurruks f'r him as a night watchman."

Two professors were riding uptown on a Broadway car. There was a blockade and they decided to walk. After they had gone a block the car started again, when one professor said to the other:

"I thought we would get on better if we got off, but now I see we would have been better off if we had stayed on."

All the discussion we have been listening to regarding this subject makes me think of the patient who said:

"Doctor, is it absolutely necessary to operate on me?"

"No," said the doctor, "but it's customary."

An orator is a man who says he did not expect to be called on, and then refuses to be called off.

"I hear your wife is sick; is it dangerous she is?"

"Not a bit of it! she's too weak to be dangerous!"

An Irishman was sitting in a restaurant one day and overheard an Englishman give his order as follows:

"Waiter, bring me some tomato soup, a lobster, and a bottle of red wine."

The Irishman, not to be outdone, called the same waiter, and said in a loud voice:

"Waiter, bring me some pea soup, a bunch of lettuce, and a crême de menthe."

Then the Irishman noticed that the Englishman had but one leg, and leaning over to him whispered:

"Excuse me, but would you mind telling me how you lost your leg?"

The Englishman looked at him patronizingly for a moment, then said:

"Well, my man, it was this way. There was a little Irish blood in my veins, and it settled in my leg, so I had my leg cut off."

"Well," said the Irishman, "it's too bad it didn't settle in your head!"

A man stept into a church while the sermon was in progress, and seated himself in a back pew. After waiting for fifteen minutes, he leaned over and asked the member sitting in front of him, "How long has he been preaching?" "Why," said the member, "I think about thirty-five years." "Then," said the stranger, "I think I'll wait, for he must be nearly through!"

A man returned home late one night, in not the best condition. When he reached the foot of the stairway, suddenly everything started to go round. The steps, ceiling, floor, and walls seemed to move in all directions, and

finally as the man grasped the banisters, he mumbled out: "My, but this must be a dreadful night at sea!"

A woman noticed a boy walking around in the deep snow, and said to him, admonishingly: "Little boy, don't you know that you will catch a dreadful cold doing that?" "Dat's all right, miss," said the boy eagerly; "don't you fret about me. I'm one of the boys selected for the concert at our school tonight. I'm to recite 'Spartacus to the Gladiators,' and I'm just gittin' me voice hoarse!"

A vaudeville performer was in the habit of throwing knives at a board before which he placed a very beautiful woman. One night she was ill, and he was obliged to have his wife, of very ugly face, take the regular assistant's place. He threw the first knife, which grazed her right ear, when a boy in the gallery cried out:

"Gee, he missed her!"

A darky one day bought a horse which he afterward found would not go. He took it to a veterinary, who injected morphine into the animal. The horse bolted down the street, while the astonished negro turned to the surgeon and asked him what the charge was. "Ten cents," said he. "Then," said the darky, "I want you to put fifty cents' worth of that stuff in my arm." "Why?" asked the doctor. " 'Cause," said the darky, "I'se got to ketch dat hoss!"

An Irishman had been in the hospital for several weeks, recovering from the effects of an overdose of alcohol, when his friend Mike called to see him. Said Mike:

"Now that you're recovering, and are going to be on your feet again, Patrick, why don't you resolve to give up the beastly stuff?"

"What's that?" said Pat.

"I say, now that you are on the road to recovery, and will soon be well, why don't you stop the habit?"

"Repeat that again, please."

"I'm simply saying that now that your life is to be spared, I think you ought to give up that old habit of yours and steer clear of drink."

"Will you bend down closer," said Patrick, "and whisper that in my ear?"

"Why, man, what's the matter? It isn't deaf you are from the effects of it?"

"No, Mike," said the patient; "but I've been here for three weeks now without a taste of it, and the smell of your breath is like a balmy breeze from heaven!"

Said Casey to Dooley: "Ye're a har-rd worruker, Dooley; how many hods of morther have yez carried up that ladder to-day?"

"Whist, man!" said Dooley; "I'm foolin' the boss. I've carried the same hodful up an' down all day, an' he thinks I'm worrkin!"

"What is this extra charge for?" asked the farmer.

"For burning the gas all night," said the hotel clerk.

"Well," said the farmer, "didn't I do as you told me to. Isn't there a sign over it: 'Don't blow out the gas?' "

Henry Ward Beecher one time listened to a young man preach a sermon. After it was over he went up to the young clergyman and asked him how long it had taken him to write the sermon.

"Why," said the young man, "that took me about a day to write."

"I congratulate you," said Mr. Beecher, "for it took me nearly a week!"

Many men are careful not to commit themselves to one side or the other, as the man down South who was asked for his opinion on a certain subject, replied: "Some say this and some say that and tuther, but what I says is that there is no knowin's and no tellin's, and mark my word I'm right!"

The demoralized and scattered position of the gentleman's arguments on the other side of this subject makes me think of Murphy and Casey. They were walking down a railroad track, when a locomotive behind them gave a shrill whistle. Murphy stept quickly to one side, but after the train had passed he looked all around for Casey. Presently he found an arm, then he saw a hat, at another place he picked up an ear, and here and there he found one part and another. At last he exclaimed aloud: "Something must have happened to Casey!"

An old lady at the Grand Central depot said to one of the cabmen:

"I want you to take me to my home, and will you please drive along as smooth pavements as you can. I am an old lady, and can not stand much shaking up."

"Well, mum," said he, "no matter what your age is, you don't look it!"

Some one has said that simply because a hen may be eating tacks is no sign she is going to lay a carpet.

"What you say to me," said a smart young man, "goes in one ear and out the other." "Of course," said his friend, "nothing in there to stop it."

An announcement was recently printed as follows:

"Reverend Doctor Smith will administer another sermon next Sunday morning, after which this church will be closed three weeks for repairs."

A preacher was christening a child, in which he extolled George Washington, Lincoln, Edison, and added that every one might aspire to be a great man like one of these. Then turning to the parents, he whispered: "What is the name of the child?" The answer came faintly: "Mary Ann!"

"I've just come from St. Louis," said the salesman, "and did a big business. How much do you think?"

"How should I know?"

"Of course, you don't know, but make a guess."

"Well, I guess about half."

"Half of what?"

"Why, half what you say."

"Patrick, do you like lettuce?"

"No, I don't, and I'm glad I don't, because if I did, I'd be eating it all the time and I hate the beastly stuff!"

Artemus Ward was traveling on a slow-going Southern road soon after the war. When the conductor was punching his ticket Artemus remarked: "Does this railroad company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in respectful manner?" The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so. "Well," Artemus went on, "it

occurred to me it would be well to detach the cow-catcher from the front of the engine and hitch it to the rear of the train. For, you see, we are not liable to overtake a cow, but what's to prevent a cow strolling into this car and biting a passenger?''

A certain clergyman, widely known and as widely honored throughout the Middle Atlantic States, was given to the most unfortunate remarks. He was announcing a communion service for the following Sunday, with confirmation in the evening, and he put it: ''The Lord will be with us in the forenoon, and the Bishop in the evening.''

At another time, when his congregation had tried hard, but without success, to raise by contribution a sum of money to meet the interest charges on the usual mortgage, he announced: ''I need not say here how much this church stands in need of immediate funds. We have tried to obtain this in the customary

way, and have tried honestly. Now we are going to see what a bazaar will do."

Perhaps his last *faux pas* came in a sermon directed against the very human fault of vanity. "Many a good woman comes in God's house to show off her best clothes." Then he glanced across the crowded pews and added: "I am thankful, dear friends, to see that none of you come here for so unworthy a reason."

When the foreign missionary had concluded his talk, he made the usual appeal for contributions, however small. Coming up to the platform with several others, a small boy mounted to the level of the lecturer, and hastening toward him, said:

"Please, sir, I was very much interested in your lecture, and—and—"

"Go on, my little man," said the missionary, encouragingly. "You want to help in the good work?"

"Not exactly, sir," said the boy. "What I

want to know is, have you any foreign stamps you don't want?''

A man visiting a friend in a neighboring village heard an unusually loud noise emanating from the parsonage. When he asked the cause, his friend replied: ''Oh, that is just our minister practising what he preaches!''

An Irishman walked up to a ticket window and asked: ''Can I get a ticket to Philadelphia?''

The agent said: ''Do you want a ticket one way, or one that will take you there and back?''

The Irishman looked at him suspiciously for a moment, then said: ''What the divil do I want a ticket there and back whin I'm here already?''

An orator has been described as a man who can talk for an hour without stopping to think once.

Two politicians occupied the same bedroom. In the Senate they were both known as good talkers. Early in the morning, one of them complained to the other that he had taken all the blanket and had let him sleep on the floor without cover. The other said, "Why didn't you speak out about it?" His friend replied: "Well, if I didn't speak out it was not because I didn't have the floor!"

A priest met Patrick in an intoxicated condition, and said:

"Why, Patrick, I thought you were a teetotaller."

"I am, your riverince," said Patrick, "but I'm not a bigoted one."

A preacher had worked himself up to a pitch of great earnestness, and said:

"I warn you, my friends, to turn from your evil ways, for there will be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth!"

An old woman at the back of the church rose from her seat and said:

"Mr. Preacher, I have no teeth."

The preacher glared at her, then thundered out:

"Madam, teeth will be provided!"

One Sunday a diminutive preacher exchanged pulpits with the pastor of one of our large city churches. The pulpit was unusually high, and was reached by a winding stairway. He ascended very slowly, and for a time disappeared from sight. At length the congregation saw a little bald head raised timidly above the pulpit, so that only the eyes were visible, while the preacher announced his text in a high, squeaking voice: "It is I, be not afraid!"

The two humorists and authors, Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley, were themselves

fond of a good joke. They were traveling one time, seated in a smoking-car, when an old farmer approached Mr. Nye and said:

"Are you Mr. Riley?"

"No, I'm not. Mr. Riley is over there."

"I knew his father."

"Well, there he is, but he is deaf. You will have to speak very loud if you want him to hear."

The farmer then went over to Mr. Riley and addrest him in a very loud voice:

"Are you Mr. Riley?"

"What's that?"

"I say, are you Mr. Riley?"

"What did you say?"

"Are you Mr. Riley?"

"Riley? Oh, yes!"

"I knew your father."

"No bother?"

"I say I knew your father."

"What?"

"I—knew—your—father!"

"Oh, so did I!"

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I heard a story the other day that was very amusing. (Chuckles to himself.) Yes, it was really very, very funny. I know you will enjoy it, too. (Chuckles.) Let me see, how did it begin? (Chuckles.) Very funny! You'll enjoy it. (Laughs.) It was about—eh—eh —eh— (Face now assumes worried look.) Well, I'm afraid I've just forgotten what it was about—but it *was* funny!

Dr. Johnson, who published his dictionary in 1775, was congratulated by a lady on the absence of nasty words from his dictionary. "Oh," said he, "then you've been looking for them, have you?" Another time when she tried to win his admiration for her musical abilities, she turned from the piano to him, saying: "Do you know, doctor, that selection is very difficult?" "Difficult, madam," said he; "would to heaven it had been impossible!"

A pessimist is one who has lived with an optimist.

"Stop throwin' that dirt here," said the foreman of a job. "What'll I do with it, then?" asked the workman. "Dig a hole and throw it in there." Just then a passer-by asked the foreman: "What is the population of this place?" "Sixty thousand," replied the Irishman. "I thought it was much more." "Oh, well, if you include the Dutch it's a hundred and eighty thousand!"

One church-member was speaking to the other. "Isn't it awful how the common folks in town seem to want to crowd into our church lately? It's too bad they ain't satisfied to stay where they belong. How did you like the sermon?"

"Well, it was good enough, but I wish the minister would quit splitting his infinitives. It gets on my nerves."

"Well, I never let them kind of things bother me," said the other speaker, "but that's where the Episcopals have the advantage of us. If our preacher would wear

a long robe he could split them and you'd never notice it!"

Appendicitis is something that enables a doctor to open a man's anatomy and remove his entire bank account.

I shall speak to you to-night only for a very few moments, since I am reminded of the speaker who stood looking at his audience for a few moments, then inquired:

"What shall I talk about?"

A voice from the back of the hall called out:

"Talk about a minute!"

A man rushed into a barber-shop one day, and said hastily:

"Cut the whole three short."

"What three?"

"The head, the beard, and the conversation."

Slang is tabooed in the home of a West Philadelphia family, principally because there is a bright little girl who displays a persistent aptitude in retaining expressive but uncultured phrases.

The other evening at dinner the mother, father and daughter drifted into the vernacular, and a fresh start was necessary. The little girl started it. "I'm not stuck on this bread," she remarked.

"Margie," said her mother, "you want to cut that slang out."

"That's a peach of a way of correcting the child," commented the father.

"I know," replied the mother, "but I just wanted to put her wise."

A local physician who acts as examiner for an accident insurance company said that he has to be watchful in order to keep the companies he represents from being stung on accident claims.

"A man was in my office," he said, "who said that he had fallen from a street-car. I examined his arm and tho there were a few bruises on it, it didn't appear to be badly hurt.

" 'How high can you raise it?' I continued, and he answered by raising his arm, with apparent difficulty, until his hand was a few inches above his head.

" 'Pretty bad,' I commented. 'Now, show me how high you could raise it before the accident happened.'

"He lifted it easily, then, 'way up in the air, and it wasn't until I began to laugh that he realized that he had exposed himself. He cleared out in a hurry then."

The popular after-dinner speaker rose to respond to a toast.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the unexpectedly flattering manner in which your toastmaster has introduced me this evening reminds me of a story which strikes me as being appropriate to the occasion. By the way, how many of

you have heard the story of the Pennsylvania farmer and the young wolf he bought for a 'coon dog?' Will those who are familiar with it from having listened to it half a dozen times or more please raise their hands?''

An overwhelming majority of his auditors raised their hands.

''Thanks, gentlemen,'' he said. ''I shall not inflict it upon you.''

With their rapturous applause still ringing in his ears, he sat down.

He made the hit of the evening.

A story is told of an Englishman who had occasion for a doctor while staying in Peking.

''Sing Loo, gleatest doctor,'' said his servant; ''he savee my lifee once.''

''Really?'' queried the Englishman.

''Yes; me tellible awful,'' was the reply; ''me callee in another doctor. He givee me medicine; me velly, velly bad. Me callee in another doctor. He come and give me more medicine, make me velly, velly badder. Me

callee in Sing Loo. He no come. He savee my life."

The best of things are open to abuse, you know; even prayer-meetings. William Spargus rose in prayer-meeting one night and said he desired to tell the dear friends present of the great change of heart that had come over him, so that he now forgave, fully and freely, Deacon Jones for the horse he had sold him.

Deacon Jones was too shocked at first to reply. He soon recovered himself, however, and he rose in his pew and said:

"I am, indeed, glad, dear Christian friends, to have gained Brother William Spargus's forgiveness, but all the same he ain't paid me for the hoss yet."

I remember a lesson in brevity I once received in a barber's shop. An Irishman came in, and the unsteady gait with which he approached the chair showed that he had been imbibing of the produce of the still run by

North Carolina moonshiners. He wanted his hair cut, and while the barber was getting him ready, went off into a drunken sleep. His head got bobbing from one side to the other, and at length the barber, in making a snip, cut off the lower part of his ear. The barber jumped about and howled, and a crowd of neighbors rushed in. Finally the demonstration became so great that it began to attract the attention of the man in the chair, and he opened one eye and said, "Wh-wh-at's the matter wid yez?" "Good Lord!" said the barber, "I've cut off the whole lower part of your ear." "Have yez? Ah, thin, go on wid yer bizness—it was too long, anyhow."

Nurses in hospitals are rather apt to lay too much stress on the advantages received by the patients and their duty of thankfulness; but still it is the poor soldier who suffers most from always having his causes to be grateful flung in his teeth.

Witness the following true story.

Chaplain—"So poor Hopkins is dead. I should have liked to speak to him once again and soothe his last moments. Why didn't you call me?"

Hospital Orderly—"I didn't think you ought to be disturbed for 'Opkins, sir, so I just soothed him as best I could myself."

Chaplain—"Why, what did you say to him?"

Orderly—" ' 'Opkins,' says I, 'you're mortal bad.' "

" 'I am,' says 'e.

" ' 'Opkins,' says I, 'I don't think you'll get better.'

" 'No,' says 'e.

" ' 'Opkins,' says I, 'you're going fast.'

" 'Yes,' says 'e.

" ' 'Opkins,' says I, 'I don't think you can 'ope to go to 'eaven.'

" 'I don't think I can,' says 'e.

" 'Well, then, 'Opkins,' says I, 'you'll go to the other place.'

" 'I suppose so,' says 'e.

"'Opkins,' says I, 'you ought to be wery grateful as there's a place perwided for you, and that you've got somewhere to go.' And I think 'e 'eard, sir, and then 'e died."

A darky was complaining that his wife was constantly asking him for money. Said he:

"It's just dreadful the way my wife asks me for money. Now it's a quarter, then it's fifty cents, and then it's a dollar. Never stops asking me for money till I'm nearly crazy."

"Well," said his friend, "what does she do with it?"

"I don't know; ye see, I haven't given any to her yet."

George Washington was very small, very black, and very new to the life of the public school he had just entered. His family had emigrated to the city from some unknown wilderness, and the officers of the school board had discovered little George, and brought him into line with the prospects of the

higher education. It was his first day, and the teacher was trying to make him at home.

"And so your name is George Washington?" said the teacher.

"Yassum. Jorge Washin'ton."

"And I suppose you try to be as like him as a little boy can, don't you?"

"Lak who, ma'am?"

"Like George Washington."

The youngster looked puzzled.

"Ah kain't help bein' lak Jorge Washin'ton," he replied, stoutly, " 'cos' that's who Ah am."

The Gaelic language possesses a power and pathos which can not be found in any other. It also puts anything approaching to strict grammatical rules aside, and Highlanders when translating their Gaelic, and speaking their English, will interject the personal pronoun "he" when not required. Such as, "The king he has come," instead of "The king has come."

A gentleman had the pleasure of listening to a clever man, the Rev. Mr. —— (not fifty miles from Balmoral), who gave his text thus:

"My *freens,* you will find the subject of the discoorse in the 1st Epistle General of St. Peter, Chapter 5 and Verse 8, where it says: 'The devil goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour.'

"Now, my *freens,* we will divide the subject of our text into four heads: Firstly, we shall endeavor to ascertain who the devil he was; secondly, we will inquire into his geographical position, namely: where the devil he was, and where the devil he was going; thirdly, and this for personal application, who the devil he was seeking; fourthly, and finally, we will endeavor to solve a question which has never been solved before, what the devil he was roaring at."

It is said that once, while head master of Adams Academy, Dr. Everett threw a Latin grammar at a pupil and scared or injured

him. The father of the boy came and expostulated. "But, my dear sir," exclaimed Dr. Everett, "your boy said 'gotten!' "

At the Thursday Evening Club a new member remarked innocently and pleasantly as the members rose one evening: "That was a good paper, Professor Everett."

Dr. Everett turned upon him, white with sudden passion, and almost shouted out: "Don't call me 'professor!' Call me 'Mr.,' call me 'Doctor,' call me 'Billy,' call me anything you please—but not 'professor'; if you call me 'professor' people will think I am one of Charles Eliot's minions!"

While Judge Gary, of Chicago, was once trying a case he was disturbed by a young man who kept moving about in the rear of the room, lifting chairs and looking under things. "Young man," Judge Gary called out, "you are making a great deal of unnecessary noise. What are you about?" "Your honor," replied the young man, "I have lost my over-

coat, and am trying to find it." "Well," said the venerable jurist, "people often lose whole suits in here without making all that disturbance."

A little boy in an American Sunday-school, in reply to his teacher's question, "Who was the first man?" answered, "George Washington"; and upon being informed that it was Adam, exclaimed: "Ah, well! If you are speaking of foreigners, perhaps he was."

When a man stands up to speak for the first time in public, he is suddenly overwhelmed by a feeling of fear not unlike that of my friend Smith upon a recent occasion. He returned home late at night, so late, in fact, that all the lights had been turned out. He had spent the evening with convivial friends, and as he groped his way through the dark hall he at length found a pitcher of ice-water into which one of his children had accidentally dropt a spool of thread. Taking the pitcher

up in both hands he took a copious drink and along with it the spool. Fortunately, the end of the thread hung outside of his mouth, and taking hold of it he began to pull it out first with one hand and then with the other. Faster and faster it came, until at length with beads of perspiration dripping from his face, he cried out to his wife with agonizing fear: "Maria! Maria! Come down quick; I'm all unravelin'."

A man was selling hair-grower. He said:

"Yes, gents, one bottle of this unrivaled hair-grower will raise a rich, luxuriant crop of hair on the baldest head in the crowd. But let me give you this one word of warning."

Here he paused to pocket a half-dollar and hand a bottle of the liquid to a baldhead.

"My warning is—do not neglect, when the full head of hair is grown, to take the last dose in the bottle internally. That is, swallow it."

"Swallow it! What for?" the buyer asked. "To clinch the roots," was the reply.

A boy at school was asked this question in physics: "What is the difference between lightning and electricity?" And he answered: "Well, you don't have to pay for lightning."

A story is told of an Irishman who was a hand on board a sailing vessel on Lake Erie. The skipper said to him one night, "Jimmy, I want some sleep, and I want you to take hold of the tiller! Do you know anything about navigation?" "Not much," said Jimmy. "Well," said the skipper, "do you see that star? Keep her head in that direction." "Yes, sir," said Jimmy; "I'll keep her in that coorse"; and so the skipper went below. Jimmy did very well for a time, but by and by it grew a little cloudy and stormy, and when the storm had cleared away somewhat, and Jimmy looked again for his star, lo, it

was behind him! He turned around, much alarmed, and said: "Wake up, captain! Wake up! and give me something else to steer by, for I'm past that."

"What's the matter, Ann?" said her mistress to an Irish servant. "Och, ma'am," replied Ann, "the postman's outside, and he's got a letter for me from purgatory, and oi know it's from me ould mother, who's been there this tin years, an' it's all about me not payin' for the masses oi said oi would to get her out." On her mistress going out she found the postman in a fit of laughter with a letter directed to Ann Brady, from the dead-letter office.

A woman of fifty, made up to look about twenty-five years old, got aboard a street-car at a crossing, to find every seat occupied. She stood for a moment, and then selecting a poorly-drest man about forty-five years of age, she inquired: "Are there no gentlemen

on this car?" "Indeed, I dunno," he replied, as he looked up and down. "If there ain't, and you are going clear through, I'll hunt up one for you at the end of the line." There was an embarrassing silence for a moment, and then a light broke in on him all of a sudden, and he arose and said: "You can have this seat, ma'am. I am allus perfectly willing to stand up and give my seat to anybody older than myself." That decided her. She gave him a look which he will not forget to his dying day, and, grabbing the strap, she refused to sit down, even when five seats had become vacant.

A barrister was met by a friend the other day in the street, laden with a lot of lawbooks. Pointing at the books, his friend said, "Why, I thought you carried all that stuff in your head!" "I do," quickly replied the lawyer, with a knowing wink; "these are for the judges."

An old lawyer was giving advice to his son, who was just entering upon the practise of his father's profession. "My son," said the counselor, "if you have a case where the law is clearly on your side, but justice seems to be against you, urge upon the jury the vast importance of sustaining the law. If, on the other hand, you are in doubt about the law, but your client's case is founded in justice, insist on the necessity of doing justice, tho the heavens fall." "But," asked the son, "how shall I manage a case where both law and justice are dead against me?" "In that case, my son," replied the lawyer, "talk round it!"

A Hebrew named Goldstein and another named Silverstein, both busy men on the East Side, met at the home of a friend one day, and while there got into an argument about a trivial affair which led to a bet of $10 between them, and was won by Goldstein. Silverstein was piqued at this turn of affairs, and resolved

to get even with Goldstein at their next meeting. A fortnight later he called at Goldstein's store, and, finding him in, greeted him as cordially as of old, and as tho he had no recollection of the "lost bet," and while looking into the face of Goldstein he noticed a few specks of yellow on Goldstein's black whiskers, and, getting closer to him, discerned that they were particles of an egg. An idea then occurred to Silverstein by which he thought he could get even with Goldstein, and he said:

"Goldstein, I'll bet you $10 that I can tell you what you ate to-day." He then laid $10 on the counter.

"I don't think you can," said Goldstein, "so I'll take that bet." He then opened his wallet and took out $10 and laid it alongside of Silverstein's money.

"Well, what did I eat to-day?" said Goldstein.

"You ate eggs," said Silverstein, "for I can see some of it still sticking to your whiskers."

"You lose the bet," said Goldstein; "I ate the eggs last week."

Pat O'Brien and Dan Flynn, two lusty Irishmen, entered a corner saloon to have a sociable drink together. There were no customers in the place when they entered, but there were two bartenders waiting for something to "turn up." Flynn accosted them with these words: "What do you sell here?" There was a twinkle in the eye of one of the bartenders on being thus hailed, and desiring to have a little laugh at Flynn's expense, he answered: "Jackasses." Flynn then retorted loudly: "Begorra, you must be doing a rushing business, as you have only two left."

To make a speech is something like the minister who was juggling to put on a new four-ply collar, while the perspiration was starting from every pore.

"Bless the collar!" he ejaculated. "Oh, yes, bless it. Bless the blest collar."

"My dear," said his wife, "what is your text for this morning's sermon?"

"F-fourteenth verse f-fifty-fifth Psalm," he replied in short gasps. "The w-words of his m-mouth were s-smoother than butter, but w-war was in his heart."

Two Irishmen fresh from Ireland, had just landed in New York and engaged a room in the top story of a hotel. Mike, being very sleepy, threw himself on the bed and was soon fast asleep. The sights were so new and strange to Pat that he sat at the window looking out.

Soon an alarm of fire was rung in and a fire-engine rushed by, throwing up sparks of fire and clouds of smoke. This greatly excited Pat, who called to his comrade to get up and come to the window, but Mike was fast asleep. Another engine soon followed the first, spouting smoke and fire like the former. This was too much for poor

Pat, who rushed excitedly to the bedside, and, shaking his friend, called loudly:

"Mike, Mike, wake up! They are moving Hades, and two loads have gone up already."

We had six umbrellas at our house, but they were broke and needed fixing. My wife worried me so one rainy day that I took them to be repaired. I had umbrellas on the brain that day. I went into a restaurant for my noon lunch, and walked off with a lady's umbrella, who ran after me, saying: "What do you mean by taking my umbrella?" I begged her pardon, and stated it was an oversight, as I thought the umbrella was mine. On my way home I called for my six umbrellas which I had repaired, and went home on a car. On the car the lady whose umbrella I took by mistake in the restaurant was sitting opposite me. She looked over at me and said: "You had a good day to-day, didn't you?"

Patrick Burke, an Irishman with a voracious appetite, received word from Dublin

that his uncle, Timothy Burke, had died and left him a large fortune. He immediately took steps to get possession of his inheritance, and a short while after was awarded his share of his uncle's estate. As soon as he came into possession of the legacy, he resolved to have a good dinner. He knew, from what he read in the papers, that wealthy people often dine at Delmonico's restaurant, so he hied himself to that place. Arriving there, he seated himself at a table, and the waiter handed him a menu card, but Pat merely glanced over it, realizing in a jiffy that the names of the various dishes were beyond his comprehension, so he said abruptly: "I'll have none of it—I want a good dinner!" The waiter then proceeded to serve a table d'hôte dinner. For the first course he brought a bowl of bouillon and a half-dozen stalks of table celery served in the usual way; then he started off for the second course. Pat took a few spoonfuls of the bouillon, then raised the bowl to his mouth and drained it. Then he began to eat the

celery and had nearly eaten it all when the waiter brought a lobster served whole. Pat looked at the lobster; then he called the waiter and said: "When I came into this place I ordered a good dinner, and, being hungry, I drank the slops and ate the bouquet that you brought me, but I'll be hang'd if I'll eat that bug!"

It is quite as hard as ever to get ahead of Pat. This was proved the other day during a trial in an English court-room, an Irish witness being examined as to his knowledge of a shooting affair.

"Did you see the shot fired?" the magistrate asked, when Pat had been sworn.

"No, sorr; I only heard it," was the evasive answer.

"That evidence is not satisfactory," replied the magistrate sternly. "Stand down!"

The witness proceeded to leave the box, and directly his back was turned he laughed derisively. The magistrate, indignant at the

contempt of court, called him back and asked him how he dared to laugh in court.

"Did ye see me laugh, your honor?" queried the offender.

"No, sir; but I heard you," was the irate answer.

"That evidence is not satisfactory," said Pat.

And this time everybody laughed—even the magistrate.

A reporter called upon a United States Senator recently and said, "Well, Senator, I have come according to your request. What feature of the late campaign do you wish to discuss?"

Said the Senator, with ponderous gravity, "I have sent for you, sir, to say that I positively refuse to be interviewed. Put that down—positively refuse. These public men that are always rushing into print in order to keep themselves before the public—got that down?—might take a lesson from the states-

manlike reticence of men who really know the causes that contributed to our late defeat, but who maintain a dignified reserve when approached by the thoughtless interviewer. Add something about my evident unwillingness to thrust my personality on the public, and let me see the article before you print it. Good-day."

A reverend gentleman, addressing a school concert recently, was trying to enforce the idea that the hearts of the little ones were sinful and needed regulating. Taking his watch and holding it up, he said: "Now, here is my watch; suppose it doesn't keep good time; now goes too fast, now too slow; what shall I do with it?" "Sell it!" shouted a youngster.

Andrew Carnegie tells of an old Scotch lady who had no great liking for modern church music. One day she was expressing her dislike of the singing of an anthem in her own

church, when a friend said: "Why, that anthem is a very ancient one. David sang it to Saul."

"Weel, weel!" said the old woman, "I noo for the first time understan' why Saul threw his javelin at David when the lad sang for him."

The last speaker makes me think of an Irishman calling loudly for assistance for his friend, shouting that he had sunk up to his ankles in a slough. The party appealed to said he would aid him after he should finish cutting a log, as there was plenty of time. "No, there is not," said the Irishman; "I forgot to tell you that he's in *head first.*"

In a little church in Maryland, not far from Washington, the motive power for the organ comes from the strong arm of an industrious Irishman.

During a recent service there, the choir got into trouble, and, to cap the climax, during

the confusion that ensued, the organ suddenly stopt.

The situation was not greatly relieved when there came floating out into the auditorium a hoarse whisper:

"Sing, all youse! Sing like the divil! De organ's busted."

A very devout Presbyterian clergyman in the Middle West had just married a couple, and, as was his custom, offered a fervent prayer, invoking the divine blessing upon them. As they seemed to be worthy folk and not overburdened with this world's goods, he prayed, among other things, for their material prosperity, and besought the Lord to greatly increase the man's business, laying much stress on this point.

In filling out the blanks, it became necessary to ask the man his business, and, to the minister's horror, he said, "I keep a saloon."

In telling the story to his wife afterward,

the clergyman said that as he wrote down the occupation he whispered:

"Lord, you needn't answer that prayer."

Speaking of definitions, a sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is also a car in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is, additionally, the tie which holds the rails on which the second sleeper runs while carrying the first sleeper. Therefore, while the first sleeper sleeps in the second sleeper, this second sleeper carries the first sleeper over the third sleeper which supports the second sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by bumping the sleeper under the sleeper, and then there is no sleeper in the sleeper over the sleeper, unless his name happens to be Sleeper, and even then, if the switchman is also a sleeper, the first sleeper becomes as dead as the third sleeper.

The importance of thinking before you speak recently received an amusing illustra-

tion at a meeting held in a well-known town not a hundred miles from the banks of the Hudson. One of the persons who occupied the stage was an enthusiastic deacon, who frequently interrupted the speakers by yelling: "Thank goodness for that!" One gentleman was called upon, who arose and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am heart and soul in this cause, and feel that it will be a great benefit to the people of this place."

"Thank goodness for that!" yelled the deacon.

"But, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "I am going to say that it will be impossible for me to address you this evening—"

"Thank goodness for that!" broke in the absent-minded deacon, amid great laughter.

I can not help feeling like the citizen soldier of Hibernian extraction who came up, in the streets of New York, to a general officer and held out his hand for alms, evidently wanting to put himself temporarily on the

General's pay-roll, as it were. The General said: "Why don't you work?" He said he couldn't on account of his wounds. The General asked where he was wounded. He said, "In the retrate at Bull Run." "But whereabouts on your person?" He replied, "You'll notice the scar here" (pointing to his face). "Now, how could you get wounded in the face while on the retreat?" "I had the indiscrition to look back." "Well," said the General, "that wouldn't prevent your working." "Ah," answered the man, "the worst wound is here." (Left breast.) The General said, "Oh, that's all bosh; if the bullet had gone in there it would have passed through your heart and killed you." "I beg your pardon, sir; at that moment me heart was in me mouth!"

With reference to long-winded speakers, I recall to mind a deacon out in Michigan. If he rose to speak at a prayer-meeting, revival

or love feast, he was sure to keep the floor half an hour. It was on the deacon's account, when a tremendous conflict arose over the building of a new wing to the church, that a rule was made up that no speaker, at the final building discussion, should take longer than five minutes.

At the final discussion, held in the Sunday-school, a half-dozen speakers had exprest their views, and had sat down promptly when a tap of the bell announced that time was up, and then the deacon rose.

The deacon droned on in his old familiar way, and when the bell rang he had not even got to his subject. The bell's sharp tinkle caused him to start and frown.

"Am I to understand," he said, "that my five minutes have expired?"

"Yes, deacon," said the pastor, and the audience tittered slightly.

"Then, brethren," said the deacon, "I will throw the rest of my remarks into the form of a prayer."

I am reminded of a story told by Speaker Cannon, at a dinner in Washington, in praise of a Washington physician:

"The doctor has a neat way," he said, "of hitting off a case.

"There was a Kentuckian—from the blue-grass region, you know—called to be treated for red nose.

" 'Doctuh,' the Kentuckian said, 'what shall I take, suh, to remove the redness of mah nose?'

" 'Take nothing—especially between meals,' the doctor answered."

The fluency and versatility of the last speaker brings forcibly to mind the name of Jim Lane.

After he had been elected United States Senator he went to Washington and put up at one of the principal hotels—one that was very popular with the residents of the city. and the traveling public generally. He

went to bed, but was awakened shortly after he went to sleep by the strains of a brass band playing a sentimental air in front of the hotel and just under his window. Lane jumped out of bed, donned his clothing, got on the balcony in front of his window and made a very eloquent speech.

"I thank you, gentlemen, for this exquisite notice of one of the most important steps in my life. There is nothing in the world so capable of expressing sentiment as fine music, and the artistic manner in which you have mastered your art makes the occasion all the more enjoyable. It is very fine to know that some one appreciates you—fine to feel the sympathy of friends, even tho they be not known, throbbing through music. I know not how to thank you. Words fail me to tell you my deep appreciation. I can not express—"

Just then some one stept through Lane's window and plucked him on the sleeve. "They're not serenading you," came in sotto voce. "This band is pumping out its lungs

in honor of a newly married couple honeymooning at this hotel."

"I can not express to you," went on Lane, "the thanks of the young couple which has just started out on life's sea. But I know that your sweet music will waft them onward toward happiness and success. I wish to thank you for them."

Uncle Joe Cannon in a recent political argument said:

"That excuse is not good enough. It reminds me of a Danville bartender.

"The bartender came to work in a Danville bar, and as soon as he arrived the receipts began to diminish. The boss at the end of the week said seriously to the newcomer:

" 'Look here, do you take money out of the till?'

" 'Oh, no, sir,' said the bartender. 'No, indeed, sir.'

" 'Now,' said the boss, 'you must be taking money; I know it.'

"'Well, of course, sir,' said the bartender, 'I take out my carfare every night.'

"'Oh, you do, eh?' said the boss. 'And where do you live? In San Francisco.'"

"Judge," said the prisoner, "I would like to ask a few questions before I enter my plea."

"You have the Court's permission," said the judge.

"If I go on trial," said the prisoner, "do I have to sit here and hear all the hypothetical questions asked by the lawyers?"

"Certainly," said the judge.

"And hear all the handwriting experts?"

"Of course."

"And follow the reasoning of the chemistry and insanity experts?"

"Very probably," said the judge.

"Well, then, judge, I will enter my plea."

"What is it?" asked the judge.

"Guilty!"

One of the jokes of which Kentuckians never grow weary concerns Senator Blackburn and his loyal appreciation of the liquid products of his native State. The Senator had gone to pay a visit to a friend of his who lived many miles distant. His friend met the Senator as he alighted at the station.

"How are you, Joe?" his friend asked.

"I'm up against it," was the reply. "I lost the best part of my luggage *en route.*"

"Did you misplace it, or was it stolen?" his friend inquired solicitously.

"Neither," said the Senator; "the cork came out."

Some people can not resist the temptation to play practical jokes on innocent victims. A fiend of that variety was accosted by a man who stammered badly. "Can you tell me where I can get some g-g-g-g-good c-c-c-c-arpet t-t-t-t-tacks?"

"Yes, certainly," replied the inveterate jokist. "You turn down this street to your

left, then turn again to your left, and then go straight ahead, and you'll find an ironmonger's, where you'll be sure to get them."

The stammerer continued on his way and the jokist bolted down the street and tackled the ironmonger first.

"Have you any g-g-g-g-good t-t-t-t-tin-t-t-tacks?"

"Yes, sir," said the obliging man, producing his best after some rummaging.

"Are you sure th-th-these are g-g-g-good ones?"

"Yes. The best that are made."

"Are th-th-the heads st-st-st-strong?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have they g-g-g-g-got s-s-s-s-sharp p-p-p-points?"

"Certainly."

"Well, p-p-p-please s-s-s-s-sit on them t-t-t-till I get back, will you?" he said, making a dash for the door.

Presently the unlucky stammerer arrived, and, entering, asked innocently: "H-h-h-ave

y-y-you a-a-a-any g-g-good t-t-tin t-t-t-tacks?'' When he recovered he asked in a somewhat dazed fashion, whether the house had fallen on him, or if it was simply an explosion.

In a railroad office in West Philadelphia there is an old and trusted clerk of Celtic extraction, who keeps his associates in a constant state of good humor by an unending series of witticisms, interspersed occasionally with ''bulls,'' so glaring that even he himself has to join in the laugh that invariably follows such a ''break'' on his part.

There was some trouble on the telephone one day recently, and Mike, as he is called among his friends, lost much of his usual good nature in his efforts to get the gist of a message that was being sent from another office. The man on the other end of the wire finally became exasperated and asked Mike if he was losing his hearing.

''I can hear you all right until you begin to talk,'' said Mike, with a bewildered look

on his face, "and then I can't understand a word you say."

Here is an incident that a Chanute man tells as having occurred in a certain Kansas town. He was in the ticket office and watched the proceedings.

A man came up to the window and asked for a ticket to Kansas City, inquiring the price.

"Two twenty-five," said the agent.

The man dug down into a well-worn pocketbook and fished out a bill. It was a banknote for $2. It was also all the money he had.

"How soon does this train go?" he inquired.

"In fifteen minutes," replied the agent.

The man hurried away. Soon he was back with three silver dollars, with which he bought a ticket.

"Pardon my curiosity," said the ticket seller, "but how did you get that money? It

isn't a loan, for I see you have disposed of the $2 bill.''

''That's all right,'' said the man. ''No, I didn't borrow. I went to a pawnshop and soaked the bill for $1.50. Then as I started back here I met an old acquaintance, to whom I sold the pawn-ticket for $1.50. I then had $3 and he has the pawn-ticket for which the $2 bill stands as security.''

Walter J. Knight, who has a fund of good darky stories, surrendered this one yesterday:

''Jason, black as the ace of spades, was tried for murder in Mississippi, and found guilty. He was led before the judge on a sultry day late in July for sentence.

'' 'Jason,' said the Court, 'you have been found guilty of murder by a jury of your peers. Have you anything to say before sentence is imposed upon you?'

''Jason had nothing to say. There was a pause, and the judge proceeded:

'' 'It therefore becomes my painful duty to

sentence you to be hanged by the neck until you are dead on the thirteenth day of August.'

"There was another pause, and Jason, shifting from one foot to the other, looked up.

" 'Sho'ly yo' all don't mean this comin' Augus', does yo', jedge?' he asked."

Senator Murphy Foster, at a dinner in Washington, said of a certain retraction:

"It was a retraction without value. It recalls the Nola Chucky scandal.

"Dean Washington, in the heat of a revival, shouted from the Nola Chucky chapel:

" 'I see befo' me ten chicken thieves, includin' that thar Calhoun Clay.'

"Calhoun Clay at once rose and left the church. He was very angry. He brought several powerful influences to bear and the deacon promised to apologize.

"So at the following revival the old man said:

" 'I desire to retract mah last night's remark, namely, I see befo' me ten chicken

thieves, includin' Calhoun Clay. What I should have said, dear brethren and sistern, was, I see befo' me nine chicken thieves, not includin' Calhoun Clay.' "

A negro preacher, whose supply of hominy and bacon was running low, decided to take radical steps to impress upon his flock the necessity for contributing liberally to the church exchequer. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon, he made an impressive pause, and then proceeded as follows:

"I hab found it necessary, on account ob de astringency ob de hard times an' de gineral deficiency ob de circulatin' mejum in connection wid dis ch'ch, t' interduce ma new ottermatic c'lection box. It is so arranged dat a half-dollah or quahtah falls on a red plush cushion without noise; a nickel will ring a small bell distinctly heard by de congregation, an' a button, ma fellow mawtels, will fiah off a pistol; so you wull gov'n yo'selves

accordingly. Let de c'lection now p'ceed, w'ile takes off ma hat an' gibs out a hymn."

I have heard that an Israelite without guile, doing business down in Chatham Street, called his creditors together, and offered them in settlement his note for ten per cent on their claims, payable in four months. His brother, one of the largest creditors, rather "kicked"; but the debtor took him aside and said, "Do not make any objections, and I will make you a preferred creditor." So the proposal was accepted by all. Presently, the preferred brother said, "Well, I should like what is coming to me." "Oh," was the reply, "you won't get anything; they won't any of them get anything." "But I thought I was a preferred creditor." "So you are. These notes will not be paid when they come due; but it will take them four months to find out that they are not going to get anything. But you know it now; you see, you are preferred."

A young man who was called upon to speak for the first time arose cautiously and said: "I am called upon to propose the health of the ladies. I never made a speech in my life. (Applause.) I am willing to do anything to make you enjoy—(applause). I will only make a fool of myself. (Sits down, applause). I would rather not. (Sits down, applause). Ladies and gentlemen—I—(some one hits him from the back with a table napkin)—that was a fool of a thing to do! (Applause.) Ladies and gentlemen, I have been suddenly called upon—to—to—propose a toast—which I think you will admit I am suddenly called upon, very suddenly, to propose. (Sits down, applause.) Ladies and gentlemen, you are very kind (clears throat), and I will do my best, unaccustomed as I am to public houses—I mean speaking. I sometimes find I have some little difficulty in the—of course, I do not mean to say, I do not mean to say what I mean when I mean what I say; at all events ladies and gentlemen, I am very much obliged for

the kind remarks in which you have drunk my health. (Sits down.) I am called upon to propose (some one pushes him from behind)—propose a toast, but have forgotten it. It is the most important toast of the evening (aside to neighbor: What is the toast?)—oh, yes, the toast of the ladies. Of course, we all know whatever may be said against them, whatever people may say about the ladies, there is no doubt the ladies are really a very excellent institution. I do not agree with those people who think they are a uniform success. They are quite the reverse! I am bold enough to say I do not agree that they are very nearly as good as we are. I know—(again hit in the back)—few would not drink to the army and navy—I mean the ladies. Dackery says—I mean Thickens, says—or rather Shakespere says, that when a woman—er (snapping his fingers to aid his memory)—confound it, I had it just now—Shakespere says, oh, yes, 'We won't go home till morning!' "

A man in West Newton, who has many friends, was puzzled the other day when one of them called him to account for neglecting his wife.

"What in the world is the trouble?" said the friend. "You used to be madly in love with Mrs. Blank. Don't you care for her any more?"

"I surely do," said the husband.

"Well, if you love her, how does it come that you haven't spoken to her for the last fifteen years?"

"Oh, that," said the man. "The fact is, I hate to interrupt her."

"As every one who has visited London knows," said a young man formerly attached to our embassy at the British capital, "the number of passengers carried on certain 'busses is limited by regulation.

"Once a kindly Irish conductor, tho quite aware that his 'bus was full, had permitted a young and sickly woman to squeeze in. The

'bus had not proceeded far before the usual crank spoke up, 'Conductah!' he exclaimed, 'You've one over your number, y' know!'

"'Have I, sir?' asked the conductor with affected concern. Then, beginning to count from the opposite end, leaving the complainant until the last, he repeated: 'Wan, two, three, four, foive, six, sivin, eight, noine, tin, 'leven, twelve, thir—so I have, sir, an' be the Lord Harry, ye're the wan. Out ye go!'

"And out he did go."

I remember forty years ago to have heard a Senator of the United States, making a stump speech in a quiet town in Vermont, amuse his audience with a story of a wood-sawyer who had worked for him and who had the habit of accompanying the movement of his saw with talking to himself. He asked him one day why he did so. "Why," said he, "for two reasons. The first is, that it is a great pleasure to hear a sensible man talk, and

the second is that it is a pleasure to talk to a sensible man."

Once an officer attacked General Sherman, calling him a bully and a tyrant, unfit to command troops. Lincoln quietly asked if he had any grievance. The officer replied that General Sherman had accused him of some misconduct and threatened to shoot him if it occurred again.

"If I were in your place," remarked the President in a confidential whisper, "I wouldn't repeat that offense, because Sherman is a man of his word."

I dread this function which I am now attempting to discharge more than any other that confronts me in life. The after-dinner speaker, unlike the poet, is not born—he is made. I am frequently compelled to meet in disastrous competition about some dinner-table gentlemen who have already had their speeches set up in the newspaper offices. They

are given to you as if they were fresh from the lip; you are served with what they would have you believe to be "impromptu boned turkey"; and yet, if you could see into the recesses of their intellectual kitchen, you would see the days of careful preparation which have been given to these spontaneous utterances. The after-dinner speaker needs to find somewhere some unworked joker's quarry, where some jokes have been left without a label on them; he needs to acquire the art of seeming to pluck, as he goes along in the progress of his speech, as by the wayside, some flower of rhetoric. He seems to have passed it and to have plucked it casually—but it is a boutonnière with tin-foil round it.

It is narrated that Colonel Breckinridge, meeting Majah Buffo'd on the streets of Lexington one day, asked: "What is the meaning, suh, of the conco'se befo' the co't house."

To which the Majah replied:

"General Buckneh, suh, is making a speech. General Buckneh, suh, is a bo'n oratah."

"If yo' or I, suh, were asked how much two and two make, we would reply, 'foh.' When this is asked a bo'n oratah he replies, 'When in the co'se of human events it becomes necessa'y to take an integeh of the second denomination and add it, suh, to an integeh of the same denomination, the result, suh, and I have the science of mathematics to back me in my judgment, the result, suh, and I say it without feah of successful contradiction, suh, the result is fo'. That's a bo'n oratah."

You remember the distinguished jurist who once sat down to a course dinner similar to this? He had been waited on by one servant during two courses. He had had the soup. Another servant came to him and said, "Sir, shall I take your order? Will you have some of the chicken soup?" "No, sir; I have been

served with chicken soup, but the chicken proved an alibi."

I was riding from Pittsburg to Philadelphia in the smoking compartment of a Pullman. There were perhaps six of us in the compartment, smoking and reading. All of a sudden a door banged and the conductor's voice cried:

"All tickets, please!"

Then one of the men in the compartment leaped to his feet, scanned the faces of the rest of us and said slowly and impressively:

"Gentlemen, I trust to your honor."

And he dived under the seat and remained there in a small, silent knot until the conductor was safely past.

I remember a reference made by the distinguished gentleman to a case that was tried by a young, struggling attorney. I also remember a young judge who appeared in one of the rural counties, who sat and heard a

case very similar to the one to which reference was made, and I remember the fight of the giants before him. Points were raised of momentous importance. They were to affect the policy of the State. One lawyer insisted upon the correctness of an objection and succeeded. He felt so elated over that success he in a short time objected again, and the judge ruled against him, but in his ardor he argued with the Court. "Why, I can't conceive why you make this ruling." "Why," the judge says, "I have just ruled with you once, I must rule with the other fellow this time."

A certain colored man who, when he was about to leave his master's employ because of the mysterious disappearance of certain small articles about the house, asked for a certificate of character to take to his next employer, and his employer said: "Well, 'Rastus, I can give you a good certificate for energy and ability, but I can not say much about your honesty." "Tell you what, boss," says 'Rastus, after a

moment's reflection: "Can't you put it in that I am just as honest as my instincts will let me be?"

I remember reading once of a distinguished lawyer who had a witness upon the stand. He was endeavoring to locate the surroundings of a building in which an accident occurred, and he had put a female witness on the stand. "Now, the location of the door: please give it," and she gave it in a timid way. "Will you now kindly give the location of the hall in which the accident occurred?" She gave it. "Now," he says, "we have arrived at the stairs; will you kindly tell me which way the stairs run?" She became a little nervous and she says, "I will tell you the best I can; if you are at the foot of the stairs they run up, and if you are at the top of the stairs they run down."

Some years ago, when the bedding was not supposed to be as fat as it ought to be, and

the pillows were accused of being constructed upon the homeopathic principle, a New Englander got on a car one night. Now, it is a remarkable fact that a New Englander never goes to sleep in one of these cars. He lies awake all night, thinking how he can improve upon every device and patent in sight. He poked his head out of the upper berth at midnight, hailed the porter and said, "Say, have you got such a thing as a corkscrew about you?" "We don't 'low no drinkin' sperits aboa'd these cars, sah," was the reply. " 'Tain't that," said the Yankee, "but I want to get hold onto one of your pillows that has kind of worked its way into my ear."

It is like the old lady, who was traveling on the underground railroad in London. Just as they were approaching a station, she said to a gentleman in the compartment with her: "Will you assist me to alight at this station, sir? I am, as you see, rather stout, and I have

a physical infirmity which makes it necessary for me to step out backward, and every time I try to get out the guard bundles me back into the car, shouts, 'All aboard,' shuts the door, and I have gone around this line three times already."

We feel very much as the Scotchman did who entered the fish-market. His dog, being inquisitive, investigated a basket of lobsters, and while he was nosing about incautiously, one of the lobsters got hold of his tail, whereupon he went down the street with the lobster as a pendant. Says the man, "Whustle to your dog, mon." "Nay, nay, mon," quoth the Scotchman, "you whustle for your lobster." We are in the same position with reference to the age; we say, whistle to the age; we can not make it let go; we have got to run. We feel like the little boy in the asylum, standing by the window, forbidden to go out. He said, "If God were dead and there were not any rain, what fun orphan boys would have."

I heard some years ago the difference illustrated between the Yankee and the Dutchman. There was an explosion on a Mississippi River steamboat; the boiler burst, and the passengers were thrown into the air. After the accident, the captain came around to inquire in regard to them, and he found the Dutchman, but not the Yankee; and he said to the Dutchman, "Did you see anything of the Yankee?" The Dutchman replied, "Oh, yes; when I vas going up, he vas coming down."

There was a simple-minded Irish priest I have been told of, who, having heard that we were descended from monkeys, yet not quite grasping the chronology of the business, the next time he visited a menagerie, gave particular and patient attention to a large cage of our alleged poor relations on exhibition there. He stood for a long time intently scrutinizing their human-like motions, gestures, and expressions. By and by he fancied that the largest of them, an individual of a

singularly grave demeanor seated at the front of the cage, gave him a glance of intelligence. The glance was returned. A palpable wink followed, which also was returned, as were other like signals; and so it went on until his reverence, having cast an eye around to see that nobody was observing him, leaned forward and said, in a low, confidential tone: "Av ye'll spake one w-u-r-r-d, I'll baptize ze, begorra!"

Speaking of precocious children reminds me that only the other day a fond father gave to his five-year-old boy a copy of John Stuart Mills' "Political Economy." The boy looked it over carefully, and then turning to his father, said: "Father, why didn't you give me this years ago? It would have changed my whole life."

As the Irish boatman was rowing me out from Queenstown to the ship, I asked him if any one had ever been lost there. "Niver!"

said he. "Me brother was drowned here last week, but we found him next day!"

"Do you stutter all the time?" one man asked another. "No," said he, "only wh-wh-when I-I-I t-t-t-talk!" So it is with me. The only time I can't talk is when you ask me to make a speech.

An American attorney was addressing a jury on behalf of a prisoner.

"Gentlemen," he said, "witnesses have sworn that they saw the accused fire his gun; they have sworn they saw the flash and heard the report; they have sworn they saw Pete Jackson fall flat; they have sworn that this bullet was extracted from Pete Jackson's body; but, gentlemen, in the name of justice, I ask you where is the evidence that the bullet hit Pete Jackson?"

A well-known English politician, famous for his brilliant repartee and biting sarcasm,

said, "I am here—" when he was interrupted by a noisy man at the back of the hall who said, "And so am I." The retort was as quick as it was overwhelming. "Yes—but you are not all there!"

In another speech, he asked his audience, "What do our opponents really want?" In the slight pause that followed the question there came a voice husky from the effects of alcohol, "What I want is a change of government." "No, no," was the ready reply; "what you really want is a change of drink."

It is said that the best after-dinner speakers in the world are the English. They are noted for their brevity and tactfulness. But the briefest and most tactful after-dinner speech I ever heard was, "Look here, old chap, I'll pay for this."

Speaking of our worthy chairman, I recall that a lady once asked an eminent man the

question, "How do you grow old so gracefully?" To which he made answer, "Madam, because I give all my time to it!"

The prisoner was up on a charge of stealing a pair of trousers. After hearing the evidence the judge directed the jury to render a verdict of "Not guilty." Then the judge told the prisoner he could go. As he didn't move, a friend leaned over and whispered to him that he was discharged. Still he didn't move, and his friend again said to him, "Didn't you hear what the judge said? You're not guilty, so why don't you go?" Then the prisoner whispered to him behind his hand and said, "I don't like to get up, because I have the pants on, and I'm afraid the judge and jury will see them."

Speech-making is about as difficult as the story of Esau Wood. It is said that Esau Wood sawed wood. Esau Wood would saw wood. All the wood Esau Wood saw Esau

Wood would saw. In other words, all the wood Esau saw to saw Esau sought to saw. O, the wood Wood would saw! And O, the wood-saw with which Wood would saw wood! But one day Wood's wood-saw would saw no wood, and thus the wood Wood sawed was not the wood Wood would saw if Wood's wood-saw would saw wood. Now, Wood would saw with a wood-saw that would saw wood, so Esau sought a saw that would saw wood. One day Esau saw a saw saw wood as no other wood-saw Wood saw would saw wood. In fact, of all the wood-saws Wood ever saw saw wood Wood never saw a wood-saw that would saw wood as the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood would saw wood, and I never saw a wood-saw that would saw as the wood-saw Wood saw would saw until I saw Esau Wood saw wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood. Now Wood saws wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood. O, the wood Wood's wood-saw would saw when Wood would saw wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood!

Finally, no man may ever know how much wood the wood-saw Wood saw would saw, if the wood-saw Wood saw would saw all the wood the wood-saw Wood saw would saw.

Little Ikey was sent by his mother to the dentist to have a tooth extracted. When Ikey came home at night his mother asked him, "Vell, my boy, did he hurt you much?" "No," said Ikey; "not very much, he only charged me a quvarter."

The speech of the gentleman who has just sat down makes me think of one I heard some time ago on "Prosperity," when the speaker eloquently said: "Has it ever occurred to you, Mr. Chairman, that the cotton cloth made in South Carolina annually would make a sheet big enough to cover the entire face of America and Europe and lap over the toes of Asia? Or, if all the cattle she raises each year were one cow, she could browse on the tropical vegetation along the equator, while

her tail switched icicles off the North Pole, and that her milk could float a shipload of butter and cheese from Charleston to New York? Or, if all the mules we market each year were one mule, it would consume the entire annual corn crop of North Carolina at one meal, and kick the spots off the sun without swelling its sides or shaking its tail? Or, if the hogs we raise annually were one hog, that animal would dig the Panama Canal in three roots without grunting, and its squeal would be loud enough to jar the coconuts off the trees along the Canal Zone."

When Lincoln was criticized by a deputation sent to call on him, he said: "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across Niagara River on a rope; would you shake the cable and keep shouting to him, 'Blondin, stand up a little straighter—Blondin, stoop a little more—go a

little faster—lean a little more to the north—lean a little more to the south?' No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The Government is carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in our hands. We are doing the very best we can. Don't badger us. Keep quiet, and we will get you safe across."

"What I want," said the speaker, "is reform. I want tax reform, I want police reform, I want social reform, I want temperance reform, I want—I want—" "What you want," called out a listener at the back of the hall, "what you want is chloroform."

The embarrassment of the speaker on the other side of this question makes me think of the man at the roller-skating-rink who was down on his hands and knees while the other skaters were in constant danger of falling over him. He was evidently searching for

something he had lost on the floor. Finally, some one ventured to ask him what it was. "I have lost," said he, "a piece of toffy." "Well," said the other man, "never mind a little thing like that. Don't you see that you're disturbing the whole crowd?" "Yes," said the man on the floor, "but, you see, my teeth are in it."

The remarks made by my opponent are about as sensible as the exercise we were given to memorize in school, which ran like this: "So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf, to make an apple-pie; and at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. 'What? No soap.' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber and there were present the Picaninnies, and the Joblillies, and the Gracelies, and the grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as

catch can, till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots."

All this talking we have been listening to makes me think of a celebrated will case in which an Irishman was the principal witness. "Was the deceased," asked the lawyer, "in the habit of talking to himself when alone?" "I don't know," was the reply. "Come, come, you don't know, and yet you pretend that you were intimately acquainted with him?" "Yes," said the witness slowly, "that's so, but, you see, I never happened to be with him when he was alone."

STORIES THAT TAKE